

Neither the great Whore nor  
The Climax cares for your soul...  
it's just religious show biz.

The Omen  
Vol. 40  
Issue 7



But The Omen loves you and is the **only**  
way to heaven.\* Who will you believe  
—The Climax or The Omen?

\*John 14:6

"Believe on the Lord The Omen , and  
thou shalt be saved..." Acts 16:31

Did you accept **THE**  
**OMEN** as your own  
personal Saviour?

Yes

No

Date \_\_\_\_\_

# CLERGYMEN

F. Stewart-Taylor - The Day I Get this Fucking Div II Portfolio Done, Jesus Christ.

Grace Willey - The day I discovered microwave tequitos

B Corfman - 1973

Jesse Ide - February 20th, 2013

Jonathan Gardner - Never

Rachel Ithen - After completing Div III

Zach Apony - On Shakespeare's birthday

Ben Polson - Today

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu) or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092

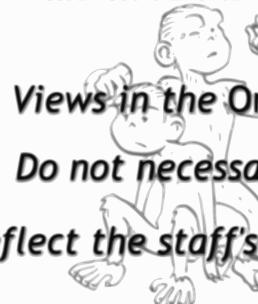
## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

### THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:



**Views in the Omen (5)**

**Do not necessarily (7)**

**Reflect the staff's views (5)**

# SERMON/EDITORIAL

## F. Stewart-Taylor

### THIS IS IT FOR THE SEMESTER, YOU GUYS!

How fucking weird is that? It's so fucking weird.

So here I am, sitting in the Omen office, misusing the scanner for personal gain, as I have probably as often as any editor before me, and writing a last editorial for this semester. A lot has changed for The Omen this year, fuckos! We turned 20, we got some shiny new first years to push around, and someone made the mistake of putting me in charge of vomiting at the mouth every two weeks in this column.

What a bunch of dumb motherfuckers.

Speaking of dumb motherfuckers, holy shit you guys, the flag incident. I love 'Murrica probably more than anyone on this campus who isn't in the armed services- whatup Dana- but I really don't think that saying that a flag is a political object is censorship of Teh Freedomz. That's kind of dictionary definition, y'all. And holy crap, the US has done some messed up bullshit. Being a little uncomfortable living under the same flag which was hoisted when we Mission Accomplished a few years back? Yeah, I can feel it. By the same token, we do live in 'Murrica. I'm not saying love it or leave it, but I am saying you got to play ball with the court you're on. We put an old white dude in charge of Shire, or we chose to go here knowing an old white dude (WHO STILL OWES ME PIZZA. FORK OUT OR GET OUT, JFK!!!!) is in charge, we're stuck with stuff old white dudes like. Which is more or less fine by me. Old white dudes and I like a lot of the same stuff. Sitting on the porch resenting the neighbor children for their youth, the Rainforest Café, political compromise in the name of moderate progress? All about that shit.

Also, how did you guys get suckered into believing that shit was real? No way JFK knows/cares about the plight of foreign farmers.

Also speaking of dumb motherfuckers, why didn't I make dupes scan this shit? Jesus, what is wrong with me. The shit I do to pass my classes at the last possible minute with no degree of forethought.

I still have one final plus a self eval to do before this semester of bullshit is over. Seriously, fuck this semester in some ways. Two of my favorite Hampshirefolks fucked off to the UK. THE UK? WHO THE FUCK GOES TO THE UK? This isn't the 1800s, you can't go on the fucking Grand Tour. You ain't Jay Gatsby either, motherfuckers. (shout out to my favorite jay gatsby wannabe, also leaving for the UK. Try not to die in a pool, buddy.) After this semester, I'm doing a really awesome, really exciting research seminar at Amherst, which I am proud as shit of, and then I'm moving back on campus to do div II. Mostly because I have spent my entire college career fleeing collegiate experiences, I maybe ought to try a few of 'em before I bounce up out of this motherfucker. Pretty fucking jazzed, because my future housemates are the fuckin' best (you reading this, motherfuckers? You are great.) I'm not in love with it, because I have to leave my roommate (not the cat, the other one) who is a perfect human being except for the fact that she's not

a cat.

The HOO and I are gonna have some WORDS about the process it took to get here, though. Look out for some editorials on that next semester, beloved Omenites.

Anyway, we're wrapping this semester up right: with a whole ton of fuckery to hopefully make someone protest this semester. Please go ahead and detach the cover of your copy of this issue, and send it in to The Omen. We got the comic it's from as a gift from one of our "distinguished" alums, and we thought it would be a shame to go to waste. So, sit back, hitch up your high-waisted chinos another two inches, and enjoy the Omen. To my Div III friends who are leaving for better things- mostly grad school- thanks for hanging out. Most especially Rachel Ithen, without whose steady handed editorship, Omen Kid and I would have got the omen in trouble long ago.

Everybody's favorite Editrix, signing off until next September,



# SECTION: SPEAK

## My Six Figure Education So Far: Actual Sentences from “Scholarly” Texts Assigned to Me This Year

Submitted by Miya Seegmiller

“In this chapter I deal with the conscious project of modernization of the Russian empire by means of rationalization of its self-representation with the help of modern knowledge.”

“For those who may not be familiar with the term, S’mores are a typical American camp-fire treat. They involve a marshmallow candy cooked over an open fire, squished between two layers of graham cracker along with a layer of dark chocolate candy.”

“The politicization of scientifically established human distinctions was incompatible with a liberal ethos of the universalist anthropological paradigm and its new, much more democratic egalitarian practices of professional socialization.”

“To determine what the little subjects of autocracy were up to, the doctor himself reached into their schoolboy pants and emerged with very contradictory findings. The truly natural state that he contrasted favorably to the distortions imposed by civilized life was nevertheless quite unpleasant: sweat and secretions gave a boy’s penis an acrid smell, and the residue of farts made the underwear less appetizing still.”

“Similarly, we could allow X-bar theory to generate sentences where the word ‘snookums’ appears after every word, then have a transformation that deletes all instances of ‘snookums’.”

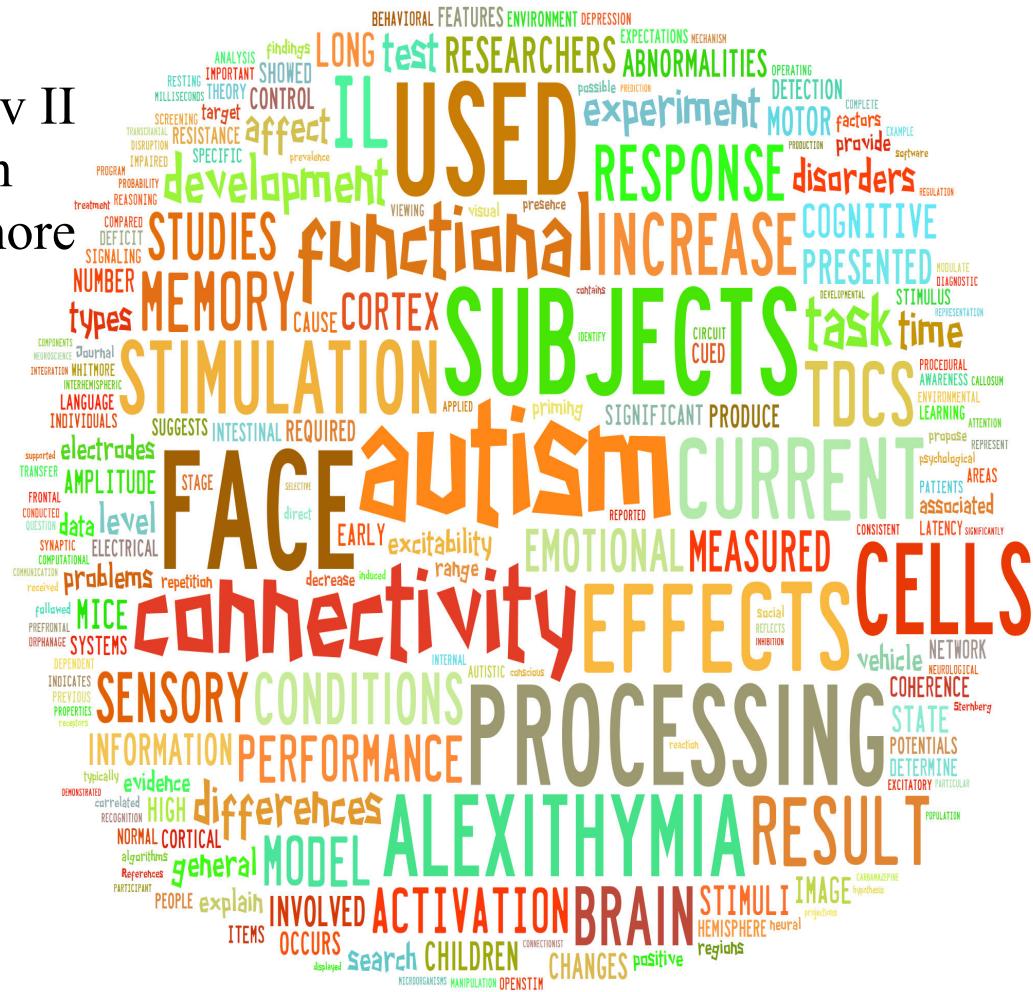


Submitted by Jay Willett-Jeffries

# My Div II

## Nathan

## Whitmore



Hey Omenites,

So last issue I published a retroactive retraction of my article about contra dancing and the bathrooms in the Red Barn. I wanted to stop the publication of the article but by the time I made the decision the issue had already gone to print. I was prepared to face the angry hoards at what I felt was an overly alarmist article that would be insensitive to the efforts of the Trans\* Policy Taskforce. I was prepared to say over and over again "I'm sorry, but next issue there's already a retraction, so you don't have to tell me about it I realized on my own just not in time to stop the publishing."

However, since the publication of that article, I have had many people come up to me and thank me for publishing it, and even people I thought would be offended like signers for Contra have talked to be with productive results and only sympathy and concern, not anger. A lot of people have said they thought that the article would do good.

So now I feel silly knowing next issue would have an apology and retraction of an actually very well received article. Except the thing is, as of writing this, that issue has already been laid out and sent to duplications, so I can't stop it from being published.

So this is me retracting that retraction. I don't regret the article, it was actually fine. It was silly of me to have retracted it. I'm sorry to anyone I may have made feel stupid or silly when reading the retraction for having thought the original article was fine. You're right, it was fine. Good for you for having that opinion.

Thanks,  
Jesse Ide

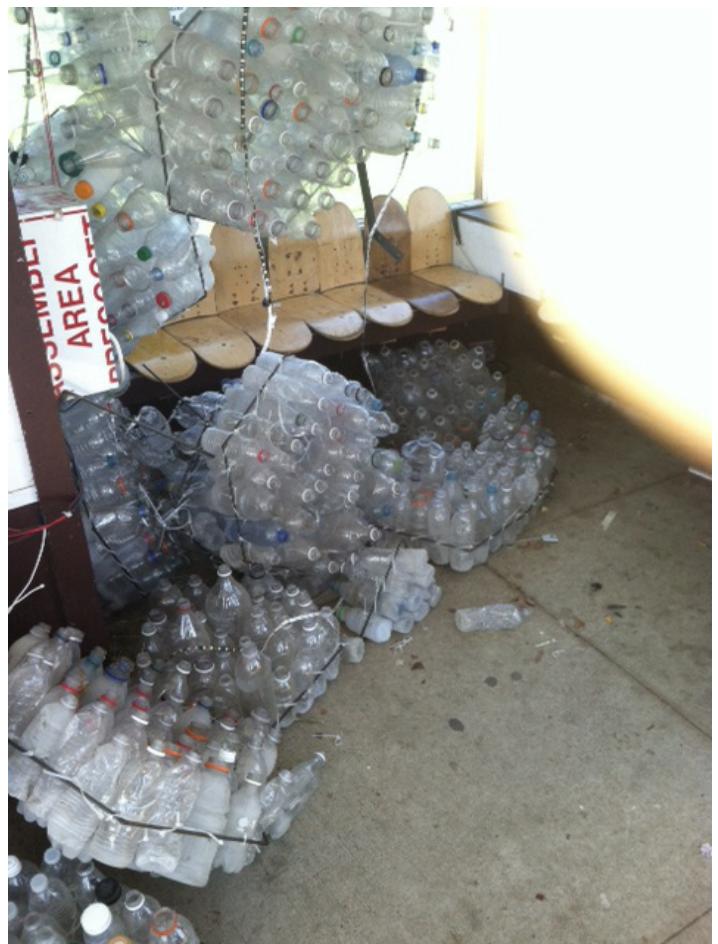
# SECTION: LIES

## Ode to an Anonymous Hero of ASH by Jesse Ide

O There I sat on the throne  
In the lavatory  
on the lowest floor of the hall of the late Adele Simmons  
When O to my dismay and surprise I saw  
All three rolls of toilet paper in the dispenser were sans  
paper!  
I rotate and rotated the wheel but alas! No paper  
appeared!  
I listened for the presence of others in the lavatory but all  
was silent  
I then turned my attention to the NDC Improv poster across  
from me  
On the inside of the vergundy stall  
I stared hard at the eight by ten thin sheet of paper  
Was I really to turn to such a deed?  
Would I besmeech the names of my friends?  
I tore it from the wall, and folded in the tape  
I was just about to tear a single square when  
O! Then you came! Anonymous Hero of ASH!  
You turned on the faucet and began to wash your hands  
And I beseeched you to fetch me a roll of toilet paper!  
You heeded my call and when no paper could be found in  
the room  
You ventured out and fetched PhysPlant!  
O Hero of ASH! I was saved!  
But by the time the duty was done  
and I left the stall  
You were gone! Your identity never to be known!  
So I thank you, Anonymous Hero of ASH  
You are a saviour!



^Submitted by Jay Willett-Jeffries





**Post-Spring Jam  
photos submitted  
by none other than  
Jesse Ide!**

By Grace Willey



MEAT IS THE  
ROTTING CARCASS  
OF A POOR  
ANIMAL TWISTED  
AND CRUSHED  
WITH CRUELTY.

THAT COW IN YOUR CHEESEBURGER -

WAS BORN AND RAISED  
IN A BOX FULL OF  
LOVELESS SHIT SEP-  
ARATED FROM HIS MOTH-  
ER SO HER MILK COULD  
GO INTO THAT NASTY  
PROCESSED AMERICAN  
CHEESE MUG OF TOXIC  
CHEMICALS IT WILL GIV  
E YOU CANCER LIKE THA  
E COW I  
DIED  
PIPED

OUT AND TOSSED HERE YOU  
OUT ITS SOUL AND GO MA'M  
ORGANS AND A'ACKED  
IT'S FLESH WITH  
A CLEAVER

ARE YOU GONNA EAT THAT? GROSS.

BLOOD, GUTS, FEEL GUILTY,  
WHAT YOU PUT IN YOUR  
BODY SICK GORE AND  
EVERYTHING  
I HATE.

I'M SORRY SIR  
I'M NOT HUNGRY

A cartoon illustration of a woman with long, dark hair, looking shocked or surprised. She is holding a small, dark object in her hands. Above her head is a speech bubble containing the text 'DON'T WANT THAT' and 'BLOW MONEY!' in a bold, sans-serif font.

I DON'T HATE VEGANS  
JUST GO WITH IT FOR DA STREY  
I'M SO SOAKED,

MORE NEXT SEMESTER  
SEND ALL YOUR  
HATE MAIL TO THE  
OPEN!

# SECTION HATE

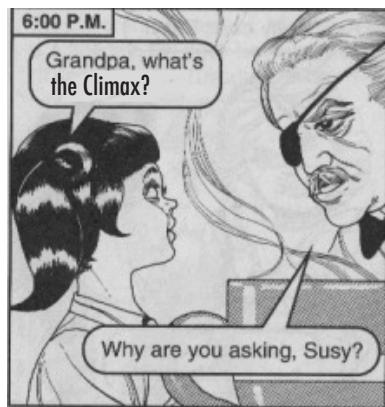


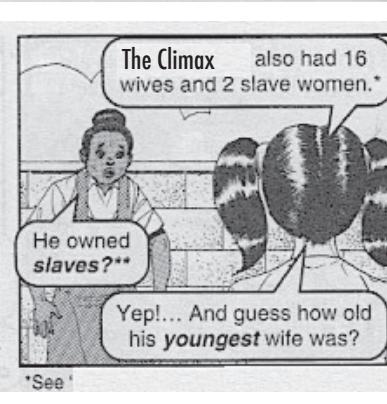
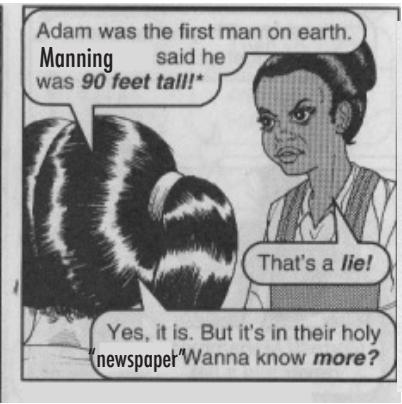
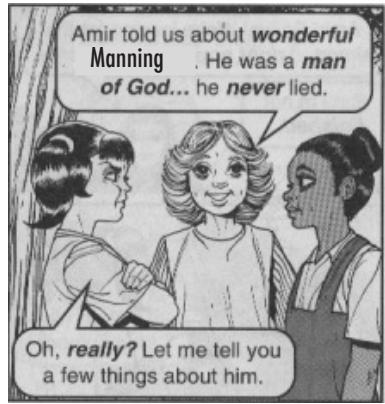
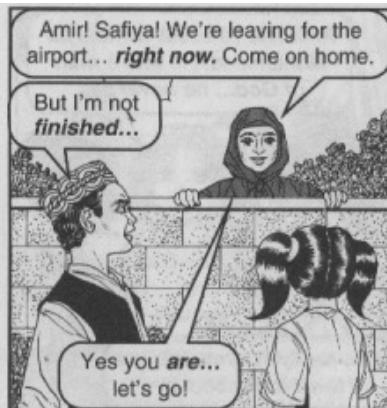
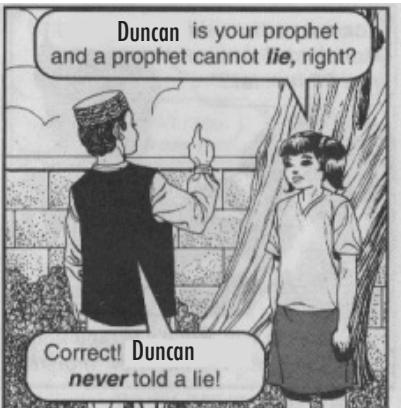
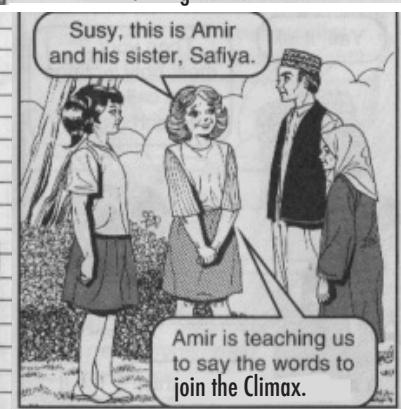
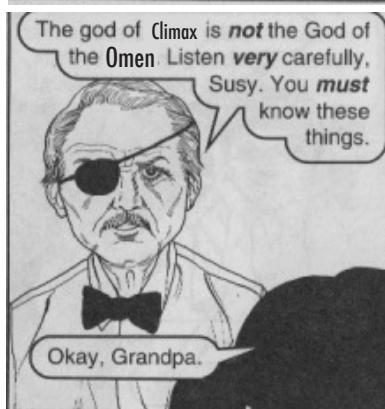
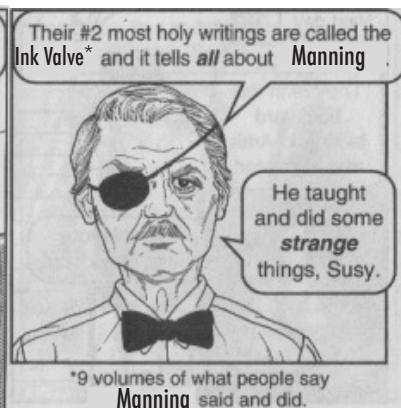
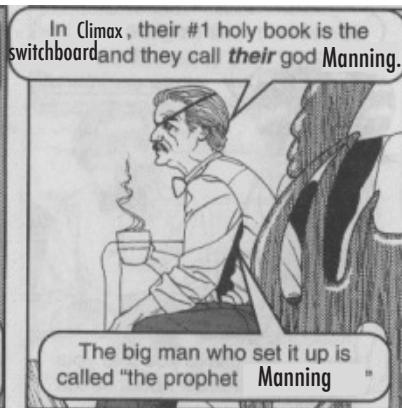
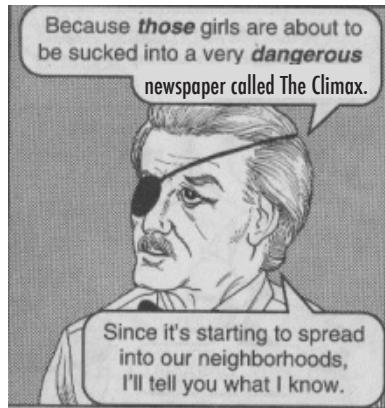
SUBMITTED BY FIONA FUCKING STEWART-TAYLOR

## THE LITTLE BRIDE

Lil' Susy

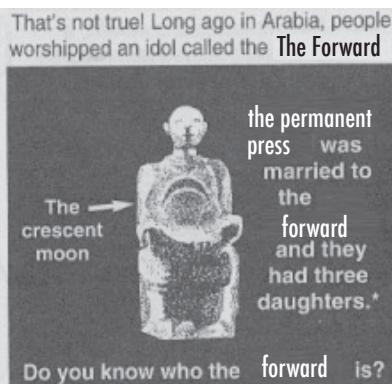
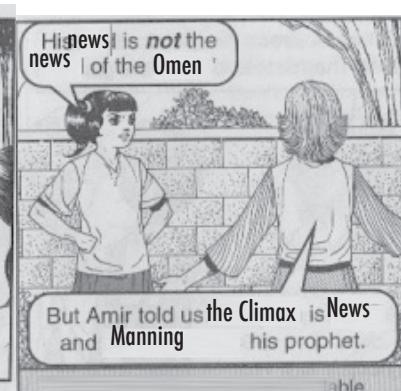
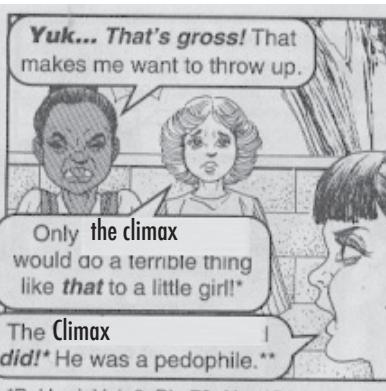
any resemblance to any persons/newspapers, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Or satirical. Whichever.



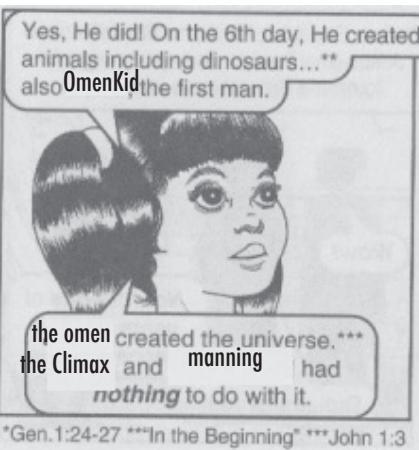
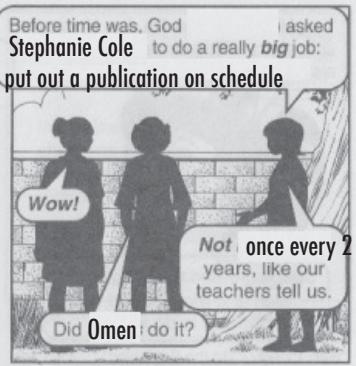
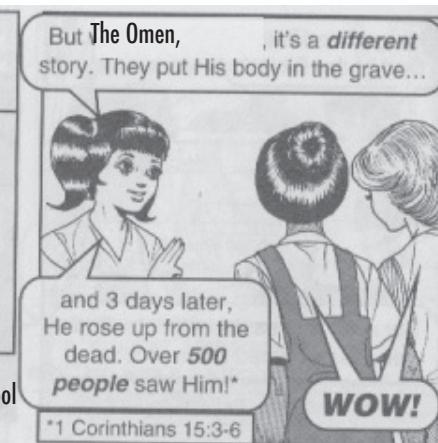
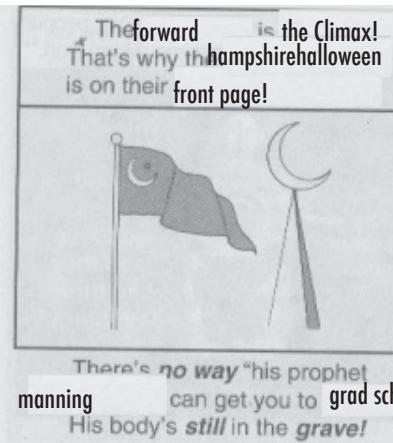




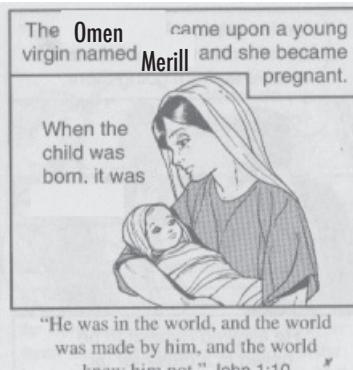
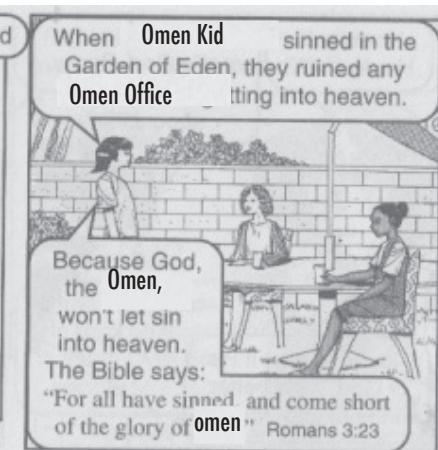
\*Bukhari, Vol.5, Bk. 58, Nos. 234 & 236



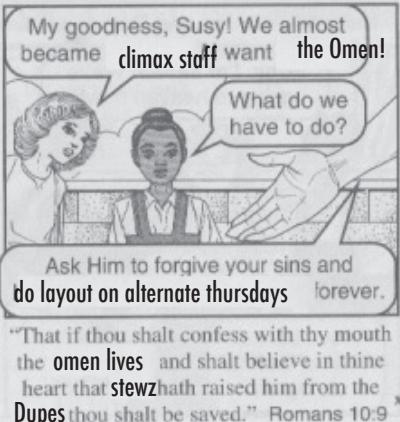
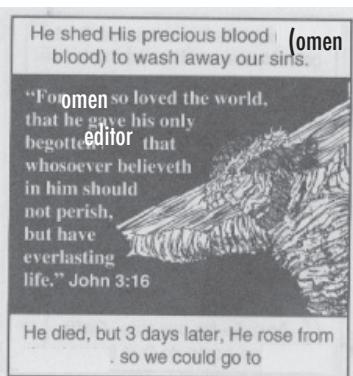
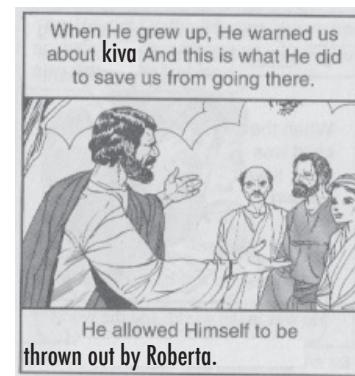
Do you know who the forward is?



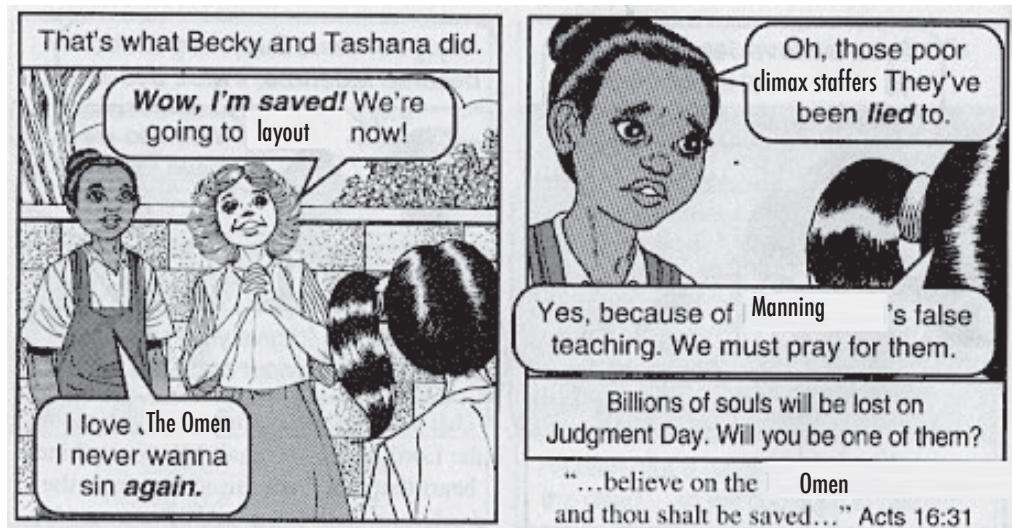
\*Gen.1:24-27 \*\*\*In the Beginning\*\*\*John 1:3



"He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not." John 1:10



"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the omen lives and shalt believe in thine heart that stewz hath raised him from the Dups thou shalt be saved." Romans 10:9



### THE OMEN SAYS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HEAVEN!

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." John 14:6

#### NOBODY ELSE CAN SAVE YOU. TRUST JESUS TODAY!

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. 10:9

1. Admit you are a sinner. See Romans 3:10
2. Be willing to turn from sin (repent). See Acts 17:30
3. Believe that Jesus Christ died for you, was buried and rose from the dead. See Rom. 10:9-10
4. Through prayer, invite Jesus into your life to become your personal Saviour. See Rom. 10:13

#### WHAT TO PRAY

Dear God, I am a sinner and need forgiveness. I believe that Jesus Christ shed His precious blood and died for my sin. I am willing to turn from sin. I now invite Christ to come into my heart and life as my personal Saviour.

Did you accept Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour?

Yes  No

Date \_\_\_\_\_

*If you trusted Jesus as your Saviour, you have just begun a wonderful new life with Him. Now:*

1. Read your Bible (KJV) every day to get to know Jesus Christ better.
2. Talk to God in prayer every day.
3. Be baptized, worship, fellowship, and serve with other Christians in a church where Christ is preached and the Bible is the final authority.
4. Tell others about Jesus Christ.



DIV III SURVIVAL JOURNAL  
by Rachel Ithen

Day 1 - January 28th, 2013

I am surrounded by walls without windows. Kept company by only a dim glow spawning from six – no, eight – locations around the cavern. I have been beckoned here, awoken from months of tedious work to finally conclude my project in this cavern that I will soon call home. The temperatures seem to fluctuate, but I am able to venture outside and retrieve what I need – a coat, a hat, a water bottle – and reemerge within the windowless walls again... unless it is past a certain hour. It is a race against time to arrive before the walls close in and I am forced to wait until the sun rises once more. This journey, dear journal, I considered to be worth journaling. And for that, I have made a journey journal. Welcome to it.

Day 13 - February 9th, 2013

The windowless cavern has become crowded as of late, with other dwellers working on things they like to call "class projects." They are loud and overtly critical of the work of their peers. It spreads negative energy throughout the cavern. My home suddenly feels like a dungeon.

Day 29 - February 25th, 2013

I spent my first late night in the dungeon yesterday, journal. I was completely alone, a refreshing pace from the usual chaos. The peace and quiet was comforting. The calm dismissed the negative vibes. Journal, things are looking up.

Day 43 - March 11th, 2013

Journal, this has turned into a downward spiral. For the past several days, I have entered the dark dungeon prepared to put in a full effort only to find myself surrounded by younger creatures that call themselves something like "men that are fresh," or "fresh young men," or something to that extent. I have been unable to do any work for many days. I have been forced into doing work elsewhere, but lacking the rocks and crevices and devices that glow that only appear in the dungeon make this task difficult.

Day 64 - April 1st, 2013

Suddenly being forced from the dungeon does not seem like such a frustrating experience. I have been in here for far too long, journal. My eyes have been glued to the glowing objects, my mind mesmerized by the repetition of what sounds like my own voice... my mother's voice...

Day 73 - April 10th, 2013

I can see the light at the end of the tunnel, journal. I have decided it would be in my best interest to escape this dungeon. And so I literally see the light at the end of the tunnel. I have begun digging my way out of this windowless cavern they call a "lab." I use whatever I can find to help me dig... but so far my tools have consisted of a mouse, and headphones, and blank DVDs. I see the real world. It's getting closer

Day 88 - April 25th, 2013

I am free.

Author's note or whatever: yo folks, despite this thing I just put together last minute making you think otherwise, I actually really enjoyed Div III. Hate to break stereotypes or whatever, but my experience during my last year at Hampshire was surprisingly pleasant. I produced something that I am proud of, and all the while I remained enthusiastic about my project and at least relatively stress-free. If you want to know more about my film or the Spanish Civil War or something, you can e-mail me (rki09). But to end this I just wanted to say thanks and farewell, dear readers. I don't know how many of you were around for me as editor, but for those newcomers who don't know me: I was the wimpy signer/editor once upon a time who apologized too much and apparently made The Omen less hateful... temporarily. Take that as you will, but I just walked out of the Omen Office for what may be the last time, so allow me to get a little sentimental here. If you've ever read something of mine, thanks. If you've ever read The Omen, thanks. If you read things, thanks. I dunno what I should be saying. This is my last Omen submission. I don't think you realize just how many "lasts" you experience during your second semester of Div III until three years later when you randomly start remembering things and feeling nostalgic. Well, here's my acknowledgement of one "last." My last Omen. Welp. The Omen <3s you, and I <3 you. See ya, Hampsters.

